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INDUSTRY'S WREATH;

OR,

Miscellaneous Poems,

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

BY SAMUEL CARPENTER.

“ For me, the day
Hath duties which require the vigorous hand
Of stedfast application, but which leave
No deep improving trace upon the mind.
But be the day another's ;—let it pass !
The night's my own.—” *H. K. White.*

Greenwich;

HELVYER, PRINTER, LONDON STREET.

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P R E F A C E.



THE writer of the following Work, has been induced to give it publicity from no other motive, than a desire to afford pecuniary assistance to an institution, whose object is the honour of God, and the spiritual welfare of the rising race : an Institution to which he is peculiarly attached, and in which, for the last eleven years, he has occupied the hours of the Sabbath, as a “ Teacher of Babes.”

The pieces which compose the volume, have been written at different periods, for the purposes of mental improvement and gratification, and of filling the intervals gathered from the active, and more pressing engagements of business.

The author is perfectly aware of his inability to soar in the enchanting regions of poesy; his humble muse has never attempted the attainment of so lofty an eminence; but, content to restrict her aspirations to narrower bounds, she is even proud of ranging, with any degree of ease, in Truth's less adorned, and less expanded sphere. The "Wreath" which she here presents, is not rendered imposing by the gaudy colours, or odorous perfumes of the blossoms which compose it; but without such pretensions, its simple flowerets present their lowly claim to friendly and candid regard; for, as the *skill* which rubifies the flower, that is

"born to blush unseen,"

is the same as that which tints the amaranthine petals of the conservatory; so the *hand divine*, which deals out *ten* talents, is the same hand, similarly exerted, when *but one* is given.

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POEMS.

ALL'S WELL.

EMBARKED on life's tumultuous main,
Hoping the destin'd port to gain,
The christian sails o'er boist'rous seas,
Spreading his canvas to the breeze ;
Jesus his pilot—Truth his chart,
He weathers storms with buoyant heart,
While round the bark the billows swell,
His soul becalm'd breathes out "*All's well.*"

The surges rise with foaming rage,
Waves with their fellow waves engage ;
Hope buoys his soul—dispels his fear—
Faith brings the peaceful haven near :
The port's in sight !—death intervenes !—
Rough Jordan foams !—(dark closing scenes)—
Heaven's lights the gulfy gloom dispel,
He safely landed, sings, "*All's well.*"

RELIGION.

ON happy they, who blest with reason's light,
 Pursue the only way that leads aright ;
 Who, to religion's sacred rules incline,
 And seek instruction where 'tis all divine.

She, heav'nly teacher, cannot wrong impress
 Her precepts all are formed in righteousness ;
 Her paths are strew'd with peace—and all the way
 She leads and points to an eternal day.

She gives a *Hope* whose rays can ne'er decline,
 (Tho' doubts eclipse the radiance divine),
 But must increase, till all its beams shall be
 Dimm'd in the light of immortality !

She gives a *Peace* that calms terrestrial woe,
 That stems the ills through time's swift course which flow,
 And on life's ocean when our fears increase,
 She stills the waves and gently whispers “ *Peace.*”

Her promises are fair as Heaven can be,
 Firm as the rock that scorns the raging sea,
 Large as eternity's unmeasur'd space,
 And *free*, as large, for all are gifts of grace.

Her bounteous hands a thousand blessings hold,
 More precious far than gems or shining gold ;
 As honey's sweetness, is the good she gives,
 (If life be sweet,) who loves her, ever lives.

THE BIBLE.

IN this volume lies a treasure,
 Greater than the earth affords,
 None its worth immense, can measure,
 Nor prize enough its precious words.

Wisdom, deeper than the ocean,
 Love, that spreads without a bound,
 Truth, that fears not hell's commotion,
 All within this book are found.

Precious volume ! what a treasure !
 All I want in thee is given ;
 Sweetest source of sweetest pleasure,
 Guide on earth, to all in heaven.

May the light that gilds thy pages
 Twine its halo round my head,
 And while roll eternal ages,
 An eternal lustre shed.

CARPE DIEM.

"SEIZE the day" before 'tis past,
 Sinner, this may be thy last !
 Life with thee may quite decline,
 Ere to-morrow's sun-beams shine ;
 Danger overtakes delay,
 Hear, attend, and "seize the day !"

"Seize the day !" 'tis mercy's voice,
 Let her call direct thy choice,
 Now's the time, the moments fly,
 Day's decline, may death bring nigh ;
 Grasp the last declining ray,
 Ere it quit th' expiring day.

See the prefatory star !
 Night anon must now appear,
 Nearer, nearer, ev'ry breath :
 Will it be the night of death ?
 Not a moment longer stay,
 Sinner seize, oh, "seize the day !"

EARTHLY REST UNCERTAIN.

I saw the wing'd sunbeam dart swift thro' the morning,
 And chase the thick vapours of twilight away,
 But shortly, a storm, o'er the scene spread its awning,
 And cover'd with blackness the noon of the day.

I mark'd the young plant, at its summit of beauty,
 When sweet was the perfume its blossoms shed forth,
 But strong came the sunbeam, to smite was its duty,
 And kill'd it as soon as the blasts of the north.

I look'd at the bark, on the breast of the ocean,
 The sunshine had hush'd the rough billows to sleep,
 But anon, loudly thundered the tempest's commotion,
 And sunk all her pride in the fathomless deep.

Again, I saw *Man*, full of fond expectation,
 Look firm as the coral that heeds not the wave,
 But his hopes were all vain, and as slender his station,
 Soon a shroud was his vesture---his dwelling, the grave.

Then I said to myself, *earthly rest is uncertain*,
 And fleeting the good that to mortals is given,
 But death shall up-gather mortality's curtain,
 And shew the repose of *perfection* in heaven.

THE CHRISTIAN'S LIFE,

BE it my care to live
 As all desire to die ;
 Prepar'd for a superior state,
 For joy and bliss supremely great,
 Beyond where mortals lie ;
 A life be mine, as near divine,
 As creatures can on earth to holiness incline.

A life be mine, t'obey
 My heavenly Father's voice,
 E'en though he call each joy away,
 And turn to gloom my brightest day :
 In sorrow to rejoice ;
 Cheerful and meek, although he break
 My rest, with one to say "thy servant hears, Lord speak."

Be it my care to live
 A life of love to all ;
 Of love to strangers, foes, and friends ;
 At home,—and to the farthest ends
 Of this terrestrial ball ;
 To God,—and may my life display
 A love *supreme* to Him, whose love can ne'er decay.

Be mine a life of faith
 In an unchanging God,
 Beholding scenes of radiant light,
 Through adverse clouds of darkest night,
 Love in a chast'ning rod ;
 In deep distress, when sorrows press,
 Or fears perplex, to view the Lord my righteousness.

Be mine a life of peace,
 A tranquil summer's day ;
 And when life's beams in death decline,
 May peace arise, and brightly shine
 To chase the gloom away ;
 My soul's release, be death's decease,
 My mortal end, and my immortal state, be *Peace*.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF THE CHRISTIAN.

THE night of death around me low'rs,
 My sun of life sinks low,
 But Jesus lights my dying hours,
 And leads the way I go.

My sun is set ; but there is near
 A day-star faintly dawning,
 Anon I see, (it comes, 'tis here !)
 The resurrection morning.

Arise, arise and greet the day,
 Hark ! hark ! the trumpet sounding,
 Fly to the realms of life away,
 Where flows all bliss abounding.

CONTEMPT OF THE WORLD.

Would you be happy ? live above the world ;
 There's nothing on this variable sphere
 To satisfy the mind ; there's nothing here
 So sure as change ; for in each joy is curl'd
 A canker-worm, that eats its beauty up,
 And bores and blights the plant of promise,—Hope.

For what is life, but an incessant round
 Of prospects ever fading, save the one—
 The brightening scene, (to favor'd mortals shewn)
 Of immortality ! Would you be found
 A happy tenant in this house of clay—
 Obtain a hope of heaven, and tread the heav'nly way.

DEATH.

O'ER human nature's wide domain,
 Death holds a universal reign,
 And stalks with sov'reign gait,
 Thro' all the mortal haunts of time,
 Unheeding difference of clime,
 Or age, or sex, or state.

No radiant charm in beauty's face,
 Nor life, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
 Nor youth's expanding flower,
 Can win the monster's iron heart,
 Or turn aside his poison'd dart,
 Or fuse his harden'd power.

Age, conscious of its unnerv'd frame,
 Dares not his nervous force disclaim,
 But owns his timely stroke :
 Its hoary head, its darken'd eye,
 Its every sense and faculty,
 Must sink beneath his yoke.

Nor infancy can freedom gain,
 In his despotic, cruel reign,
 Void of one kind desire ;
 The unsuspecting babe must wield
 The sword of conflict in the field,
 Must struggle,—fall,—expire.

Health too, with all its rustic strength
 That dares oppose, must yield at length
 To his superior arm ;
 Must lay aside its ruddy bloom,
 To occupy the ghastly tomb,
 Wrapp'd up in mute alarm.

Creation animate, must lie,
 And life's unnumber'd progeny,
 Beneath the tyrant's thrall ;
 The living hosts of earth, must bow
 Allegiance to his haughty brow ;
 The victor of them all.

HYMN.—LUKE xxiv, 50, 52.

WHEN hearts by strongest friendship bound,
Or stronger union of love,
Are called to part ; there hangs around
A gloom, that hope can scarce remove.

The blest disciples, to our Lord,
Were by affection strongly tied ;
Their's was an everlasting cord,
A love, to love divine allied.

Still, they must part ! but not in gloom,
For hope its loveliest beams bestows ;
Their Jesus left them in his room,
His spirit ; blest them, and arose.

Their hope, far brighter was than ours ;
It promis'd now, and ever,—peace ;
Made bright their dim declining hours,
Unfolding joys that never cease.

May we be blest by Jesus too ;
Then, when from life's best friends we part,
Our joy shall fondest hopes renew,
That we are safe,—in every heart.

TO A TRACT.

Go, little messenger of love,
 Thy tale of mercy telling,
 And carry tidings from above,
 To many a sinner's dwelling.

Engage the wanderer's roving eye,
 And teach his heart to prize
 The word that points his soul on high,
 And leads him to the skies.

Go, tell of God's avenging law,
 And preach his gospel-grace,
 That trembling sinners may adore,
 And Jesu's love embrace.

Yea, make the Saviour's mercy known,
 Where now the curse is rife,
 And point to Him, and Him alone—
 The Way,—the Truth,—the Life.

May power divine thy path attend,
 And then where'er thou'rt driven,
 Sinners shall *love* the Sinner's Friend,
 And *tread* the road to heaven.

A FRAGMENT.

—OH! could my vision reach the sky,
 And read the records made on high ;
 I'd search each page, each column trace,
 And long and hope in some fair place,
 To find my own unworthy name
 Amongst the foll'wers of the Lamb :
 Could I, enroll'd, my name espy,
 Cheerful I'd live and peaceful die ;
 I'd leave this wilderness of pain,
 To launch on Jordan's restless main,
 While hope, my longing soul should buoy
 O'er death, to Canaan's land of joy.
 But ah ! my sight is weak, in vain
 I try a passing glance to gain !
 Then oh, my soul, how can'st thou know !
 Is aught of heav'n reveal'd below ?
 Is there no messenger of love
 To mortals sent, from worlds above ?
 Be still, ye symptoms of despair,
FAITH *sees my name, imprinted there !*

“BEHOLD I STAND AT THE DOOR.”

REV. iii, 20.

Too long at the door of my heart,
The gentle Redeemer has stood ;
I would not say “ hither, depart,”
Thou Jesus, the gracious, the good ;
Nay, let me resist thy kind entrance no more,
But mourn that I did not receive thee before.

Come in, thou long-suffering Lord,
I welcome thee here as a guest ;
My heart shall a dwelling afford,
If there thou wilt deign but to rest ;
But dare I expect thee, dear Saviour divine,
To take thine abode in a spirit like mine ?

Oh yes, I will hope in thy love ;
On thy brow still a smile I can see,
That smile shall my confidence move,
Since I know it is beaming for me :
Then come with thy graces, and dwell in my heart,
And suffer no rival to make thee depart.

TO SOLITUDE.

HAIL ! sacred solitude !

I love thy stillness well,

While dies the day

In gloom away,

And the dull curfew, tolls its solemn knell.

When not a voice is heard,

And ev'ry whispering breath

That blows along,

Chaunts a dim song,

And wastes away in silence deep as death !

'Tis then, when all is calm,

Oh ! solitude, 'tis then

I love to meet

Thy quiet sweet,

Far from the strife of business and of men.

Then on my Saviour's love,

My pray'rs are skyward driv'n,

The Father hears,

My spirit cheers,

And sends his peace, the harbinger of heaven.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WAR-SONG.

WHO pants for glory ; let him pray
 To glory's God : and He
 Will lead the suppliant in the way
 To War and Victory !

Who pants for glory ; let him strive,
 Nor shrink when dangers rise ;
 Who struggles hard for life,—shall live ;
 Who will not struggle,—dies !

He fights, who gains a victor's crown :
 Those who would conq'rors be,
 Must fight ; nor lay their weapons down,
 But with mortality.

“ WHAT IS MAN ? ”

SEE yon gay blossom proudly rise,
 Lord of the floral clan :
 But look again, it droops and dies ;
 Just such a flower is Man !

EVENING THOUGHTS.

SAY, what is life's greatest extent ?

A speck on eternity's face ;

A drop in the ocean's abyss ;

A star in immensity's space.

And what is life's happiest day ?

Imperfect, beclouded, and fleet ;

A light, that soon passes away,

A *joy-gleam*, and that incomplete.

Still hope—there's a life without end ;

A sun that will never decline,

Whose beams to perfection extend,

And glow with a lustre divine :

And happiness, pure as the light,

Complete as perfection can be ;

A day, fearing nothing of night ;

A joy, from all sorrow made free.

Oh ! be this eternity mine,

This sweet consummation of peace ;

Hope shall through mortality shine,

Till sorrow eternally cease.

“ THE PLACE CALLED CALVARY.”

’TWAS eventide,—Imet the western breeze,
As from Jerusalem I sped my way,
Nature seem’d still, save when the rustling trees,
Spoke lonely accents to the close of day.

Musing, I paced the solitary road,
Cheer’d by retracing ages long gone by :
Ages, when here the tide of traffic flow’d,
Upbearing arts and peaceful industry.

Each particle of dust on which I trod,
Methought bore mem’ry to departed worth ;
Each step I took compress’d some sacred clod
Once mortal, mingled with its kindred earth.

The rising moon shone through the murky air,
And wanly lit my long deserted way ;
She wheel’d in waxing splendour, to declare
The nightly goodness of the Lord of day.

But halt my footsteps,— stay your hasty course ;—
My eyes, behold yon mountain’s rugged steep ;
Aid me, fair Cynthia, shine with treble force,
And shew me this, while nature’s lull’d to sleep.

Amaz'd I stood,—and by the moon's pale glimpse,
 Beheld from base to brow, the ghastly height,
 'Twas Calvary ! (that lovely, awful place,)
 I saw, admir'd, and trembled at the sight.

Ah ! mournful mount, thy blood-stain'd summit tells
 A tale, unequall'd on dark envy's page ;
 Not the dire deeds a Nero's hist'ry swells,
 Stamp guilt so deep on his despotic age.

Thy cragged side, (dire path to death !) was trod,
 By *Him*, whose death, wrought life for dying man ;
 Whose form, though mean, conceal'd the triune God,
 Eternal, ere earth's rolling years began !

He saw the dreadful cross, that pierc'd thy brow,
 The thorny wreath, that twin'd around his own,
 Before the beams, that veil his visage now,
 Beheld him leave for earth, his native throne.

Methinks, while thus I muse, my faith can see,
 With strengthen'd vision, all the tragic sight ;
 Tho' past,—'tis present ; far,—'tis near to me ;
 Deep, overwhelming, big with dread delight.

I see the victim, God incarnate, stand,
 And death, and hell, and all their fiends around,
 In one infernal and united band,
 Conspire His death, in whom no guilt is found.

See the dear spotless sacrifice for sin,
 Nail'd to the cross, with bitt'rest woe oppress ;
 And earth, and hell, infuse their torments in
 The tender heart, that throbs his sacred breast.

No tender hand to wipe the flowing tear,
 No calm to sooth the heavy sigh of grief,
 No kindred son of sympathy is near,
 With willing spirit, to afford relief.

But see, He dies ! the heav'ns in mourning drest,
 Speak terror to the murd'rous throng around ;
 The black'ning clouds portentous now oppress,
 Burst into storm, and rend the palsied ground.

Oh ! spot divine ! here Justice' sheathes her sword :
 Here Mercy's door unbolted, opens wide :
 Love, truth and bliss, their union here record,
 And all declare their claims are satisfied,

SONNET.

EARTHLY Hope's a transient ray,
 Kindling an illusive day ;
 As an aerial phantom's smile,
 Beams the flatt'ring flame awhile.
 Gilding with its lambent light,
 Gloomy fear and ghastly night :
 But the clouds of grief and care
 Weave the awning of despair ;
 Soon before the scene 'tis drawn,
 And the fleeting shadow's gone.

But a hope of *lasting* bliss
 There exists, and mine is *this* :—
 'Tis a sun that can't decline,
 'Tis a life,—a life divine ;
 None but saints can e'er possess it,
 None but saints may dare express it ;
 Heav'n its glories shall unfold,
 Saints its fullness shall behold ;
 'Tis a hope that brings to me,
Life and Immortality.

THE SLAVE.

WHO knows the worth of Liberty, so well
 As that poor wretch, upon the burning soil
 Of yonder field, tether'd to taxing toil ?
 For he has lost it ! and his tears shall tell
 That keen rememb'rance in his bosom lies,
 And points his soul to long lost happiness ;
 While cruel fate disdains his sympathies,
 And bids him seek in slavery his bliss !
 Oh ! monstrous bondage ! can a human soul,
 Bear pangless such unmerited control ?

Methinks, he once was blithe in youthful health,
 And on the pebbly beach well nigh his home,
 Unconscious of its foes was used to roam ;
 Till murd'rous monsters came, athirst for wealth,
 And tore him from his birthright—peace ; and bore
 His pining frame across the unknown sea,
 To bear the scourges of a distant shore,
 And learn in chains, the worth of Liberty !
 Ye sons of freedom, heirs of earthly bliss,
 Oh pity such o'erwhelming woe as this.

ENVY.

I SAW the man, in whose uneasy breast
 Stern Envy dwelt ; in vain he sought for rest
 Upon this lower sphere ; for though he had
 A couch of down, and was in purple clad,
 And lull'd his pamper'd frame in ease and sloth—
 He was not happy : No, his soul was wroth,
 And ruffled as the angry, foaming sea :
 For prompted by his bosom enemy,
 To look upon another's happiness
 With envious eye, he hanker'd to possess
 Forbidden treasures at another's cost,
 And lov'd to grasp the good a suff'ring neighbour lost !

And then I saw the man, whom Industry
 Had chosen as a duteous son ; and he
 Rose early in the morn to toil, and spent
 A long and busy day of discontent ;
 For while he labor'd hard with care and pain,
 And strove to increase his store—he strove in vain !

Then as I turn'd away, I said—'tis true
 The envious worldling much possess'd, but who
 Would call him otherwise than poor ? to have,
 And be as though Jehovah nothing gave—
 To live in wealth, and still be discontent,
 Is poverty's most frigid element.

And he who toils, though lawfully, for gain,
If God forbear to bless, must toil in vain.

So this I learn'd—in plenty we may roll
And still be poor, if Envy guide the soul ;
And if in plenty, we aspire to live,
We still are poor, till God his blessing give.

ANGER.

The horse without a rein
Would never restive be ;
None could his course restrain,
In lawless liberty :
So anger unconfin'd will shew,
That man must have a bridle too.

This bridle must be love ;
Love curbs the furious mind,
Stills every foaming strife,
And pleasure leaves behind.
May love and anger disagree,
Till Anger dies eternally.

THE HOUR FOR PRAYER.

(To a Friend.)

L * * * 'tis come—the Hour for Prayer !
 It calls us to the throne of grace,
 We have an Intercessor there,
 And there our wants may find a place ;
 Jesus, can all we need afford,
 All things in Him are richly stor'd.

Tho' many a mile divide us here,
 (In body only, not in heart,)
 And separation's path be drear,
 Tho' cheer'd by Hope's illusive art ;
 Yet each, each other's griefs can bear
 To heav'n, and Faith *unites* them there.

How pleasant is it thus to spend,
 Some portion at the close of day ;
 To bear upon our souls a friend,
 And for that much lov'd friend to pray :
 Thus spent, these moments are our best,—
 Life would without them be unblest.

It strengthens much affection's cord,
 To pray in secret for a friend,
 And oh ! what joy it would afford
 To those, who oft their kin commend
 In prayer to God, if they but knew,
Their friend for them was praying too !

That joy have we ! and thanks to Grace,
 For such a mutual taste as this ;
 Oft may we view our Saviour's face,
 Prelusive to superior bliss ;
 Till death shall end our mortal days,
 And prayer be chang'd for endless praise.

*

CONTENTMENT.

WHAT Providence this day supplies,
 I'll thankfully receive ;
 And since His ways are always wise,
 I'll learn his meanest gifts to prize ;
 And after what his hand denies,
 I will not surely grieve.

I'll aim *t'enjoy what I possess,*
 And well improve it too ;
 Rather than make my little, less,
 While passing through the wilderness,
 By raising grief I can't redress,
 In wishing something new.

Princes, without content are poor,
 But with it, rich am I ;
 For he, who most delights in store,
 Is anxious most for more and more ;
 While little in contentment's door,
 Will largely satisfy.

Why should my spirit throb and heave
 For what I must resign ?
 The less on earth I have to leave,
 The less at leaving I shall grieve ;
 Nor wish from death the least reprieve,
 While I've a hope divine.

Wealth, cannot happiness insure,
 Or give a life of peace.
 If God be mine, then I'm secure !
 While bread is giv'n, and water's sure,
 All little ills I'll learn t'endure,
 Till want and care shall cease.

MORNING.

“ All thy works praise thee.”—

ALL nature courts our highest praise,
And aids us in her various ways,
To laud Jehovah's glorious name,
And sound aloud his lofty fame :
Creation's works, with beauty crown'd,
Display beneath, above, around,
The quaintness of his matchless skill,
And pay obedience to his will.

Behold the Monarch of the day,
Uprising, drives the dusk away ;
Gilds the dark earth with radiant light,
Regardless of the queen of night :
He shines propitious ; and a world
Of beauties, quickly is unfurl'd.

Morning with all its healthful charms,
Suspends the gloomy night's alarms,
(Which oft-times haunt th'abodes of grief,)
And brings the troubled mind relief ;
Imaginary pains subside,
Torrents of anguish stem their tide,
Nocturnal visions—deathful fears,
Are hush'd to rest as morn appears ;
Creation's face array'd in light,
Fills all our senses with delight.

Beauties which language fails to tell,
 In ev'ry form of nature dwell ;
 Creatures, *our vision* scarce can spy,
 In countless myriads 'neath the sky,
 Unheeded, unperceiv'd, display
 The wonders of the Lord of Day !
 Instinct the living tribes inspires ;
 With grateful notes the feather'd choirs,
 Their matin warblings sweetly raise
 A song to their Creator's praise ;
 Th' aspiring lark outwings the rest,
 Upstarting from his lowly nest,
 He flutters, singing as he flies,
 The praise of *Him* who spread the skies.
 Beasts, tame and savage join the throng,
 And in their manner aid the song.

The od'rous breezes, fraught with sweets,
 Which oft, the early trav'ller meets,
 Repay his sacrifice of rest,
 And all his powers with strength invest ;
 What various beauties meet the eye :—
 The verdant fields—the azure sky—
 The rippling stream that yonder flows,
 Upon whose banks the primrose grows ;
 The vallies and the hills rejoice,
 And nature with harmonious voice,

Forthtells her sov'reign maker's praise,
 Her various parts, in various ways :
 But *man*, although with reason blest,
 Arises, leaves his place of rest,
 Regardless of the power that kept
 His helpless body while it slept :—
 Wrapp'd in the busy world's affairs,
 For idol self is all he cares ;
 While thoughtless creatures praise the name
 Of God, and sound it to his shame :
 Ungrateful mortal ! rise and bring
 Your tribute to your God and King ;
 Let gratitude inspire your voice
 To sing while heaven and earth rejoice ;
 Hear then the reasonable call,
 And crown Jehovah—Lord of all !

HAIL STORM IN APRIL.

SEE on the wings of Boreas, how
 Those dark clouds cover April's brow,
 And hide Apollo's grace ;
 A sombre hue o'erspreads the scene,
 And tinges deep the yellowd' green
 That cheers creation's face.

Grown big, the floating air-waves press
 Each other in their southward race,
 Till overcharged they flow :
 Their soft contents in frigid air,
 To solid drops converted there,
 Descend to us below.

Unwelcome storm ! too fierce art thou,
 See, 'neath yon pear tree's foliage, how
 Thou'st laid its blossoms down ;
 Emblem of that uncertain hour,
 When death shall blight Life's fading flower,
 And mark me as his own !

But lo ! how soon a change is seen !
 Nature resumes her golden green,
 And revels in delight ;
 Sol darts abroad his noon-tide rays,
 And Flora, while she speaks his praise,
 Plumes all her petals bright.

Ah, changing April ! what a round
 Of fretful days in thee is found ;
 How much like life thou art !
 The beams of hope, the clouds of care,
 Sunshine and gloom, alternate share
 A place in every heart.

Still, if despair should shroud the skies,
 And thence an adverse storm arise,
 To lay life's blossoms low;
 Its raging, soon is hushed again,
 And Hope revisits all the plain,
 To chase the cloudy woe.

REVENGE.

SEE yon infernal form,
 Unflatter'd with disguise,
 Fierce anger heaves his breast,
 And fires his rolling eyes;
 His bristled hair looks wildly strait,
 And malice nerves his frantic gait.

Rage, like an innate spring,
 Sends forth its foaming flood,
 And prompts the thirsty fiend
 To drink a brother's blood!
 His wrinkled brow looks damp and bare,
 And lo! "Revenge" is branded there!

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

COME listen, and my muse shall tell

A lonely widows' sadness :

(Think not, that all the tears that fell

By Nain's gate, were madness.)

Depriv'd of him, who long had been

The partner of her life :

For Death had snapp'd the tender tie,

That made her once a wife.

But in her child—her only son,

She hoped to find a share,

Of what in providence she lost ;—

A husband's tender care.

Years quickly fled ; and as he grew

In manhood's ev'ry part ;

Industry moved his strengthen'd hand,

And filial love, his heart.

Sure, such a son, in such a case,

Was to her age a blessing ;

Oft tears ran down her furrow'd face,

Her gratitude expressing.

Time's hand, the impress of her grief
 Had nearly now defac'd ;
 Her son was all : she oft in him,
 Her husband's image trac'd.

When lo ! affliction interfused
 The bitter cup of pain ;
 Sickness and helplessness combine,
 And health and vigour wane.

The source of every hope was dry,
 Skill could not sorrow stay,
 Death (cruel monster !) forc'd her son,
 Her only son,—away !

And will the heart that feeling knows,
 Forbear to heave a sigh ?
 Will not the tear for other's woes,
 Flow from soft pity's eye ?

Poor woman ! hark ! methinks I hear
 Her lips in anguish cry—
 “ My son, my son, my only son,
 I fain would with thee die.”

Survivorship must now anon,

The last kind office pay :

A farewell tear, and t'wards the grave,

The dead is borne away.

The pity of each passer by,

She shared amidst her grief ;

But sympathy alone, in vain,

Attempted her relief.

Yet *one* Spectator 'midst the rest

There was in sorrow's hour,

Who in himself, at once possest,

A pity, nerv'd with power.

'Twas Christ ! he saw,—his heart was mov'd,—

He shar'd the widow's grief ;

And soon the Saviour's power she prov'd,

In his divine relief.

Compassion gently from his lips,

In sweetest accents flow'd :—

“ Weep not,” with hope inspir'd the heart,

Where grief had late abode.

His sacred feet approach'd the bier,
 While his prevailing voice,
 Bade sorrow dry the flowing tear,
 And weeping to rejoice.

Hark ! powerful words ! “ *young man arise !*”
 Death heard, and own'd the call,
 The dead arose—spectators fear'd,
 And loved the Lord of all !

Who can express a mother's joy,
 Or tell her former pain :
 She wept,—embraced her risen son,—
 She smiled,—she wept again !

Come, now we'll join the widow's song ;
 Awhile we shar'd her sadness ;—
 Awhile her sorrow, now her joy ;—
 Her sighing, now her gladness.

SUN SET AND SUN RISE.

I saw the sun at eve decline,
 Just so, the christian dies !
 Again I saw it rise, and shine,
 E'en so, the saint shall rise !

WHAT IS HAPPINESS ?

It is an amaranth of heav'n,
 By mortals little known ;
 And if a sight is ever giv'n,
 'Tis when not fully blown.

It blooms and sheds its fragrance forth,
 Beyond this world of cares ;
 But, when complete in holiness,
 The saints shall call it their's.

CHARITY.

AMONG the graces ever fair,
 A lovely form I see,
 Far more benign, than faith, or hope,
 'Tis beauteous Charity :
 I heard her voice, each word was love,
 Her accents all were meek,
 They flow'd with courage to the strong,
 And comfort to the weak.

The *widow* caught her piteous glance,
 And while *she* heav'd a sigh,
 She made the widow's heart rejoice,
 And dried her tearful eye :
 She clasp'd the orphan's hand, and spake
 In sounds that cheer'd his hope ;—
 “ Tho' parents, child, thy youth forsake,
 The Lord will take thee up.”

The starving poor she fill'd with bread ;
 And ev'ry thirsty soul
 She pointed to the Fountain-head,
 Where living waters roll.
 Who languish'd on the bed of death,
 She watch'd with anxious care ;
 And while the dying gasp'd for breath,
 She breath'd her soul in prayer.

Or when relations sad, reclin'd
 O'er blest affection's urn,
 She brought the pleasures past to mind,
 And promis'd their return.
 I saw her smiles—I saw her tears,
 For while she senseless slept,
 She joy'd with those who did rejoice,
 And wept with those who wept.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE

REV. DAVID BOGUE, D. D.

HEAD of the church ! thy sov'reign hand
 Holds universal sway ;
 Nations dissolve at thy command,
 And mortals must obey.
 The church below in mourning weeps,
 O'er one who now in Jesus sleeps,
 Whom death has borne away :
 A breach is made, but 'tis the will
 Of Him, who can the op'ning fill.

BOGUE, holy man ! thy warfare's o'er,
 Thy service for the Lord ;
 Heathens thy conquests shall explore,
 And heav'n thy fame record :
 Now listen to the idol's knell,
 Shout victory o'er death and hell,
 And enter thy reward.
 Brave conq'ror ! grace hath wrought for thee
 A crown of immortality.

Peaceful at home—now take a glance
 At stages pass'd by thee ;
 And from the heavn'ly heights, behold
 What here thou couldst not see :—
 Heralds of peace in conflict there,
 Once children of thy anxious care,
 Striving in unity,
 To tell (what thou hast found) the way,
 To realms of unbecclouded day.

Thrice happy saint ! regret may sigh
 Her loss, but sing thy gain :
 Euthron'd in peace, beyond the sky,
 Thou hast commenc'd thy reign.
 Your harp attune, strike ev'ry string,
 Make heavn's high court with praises ring,
 While endless years remain ;
 Till all thy foll'wers in the Lord,
 Shall join, their triumphs to record.

TRANSLATION

Of a Passage from a Poem of Cleanthes, a Stoic Philosopher, successor to Zeno ; to which, or, to a similar one in a Poem by Aratus, the apostle Paul is supposed to refer in Acts xvii, 28.

O MOST illustrious of immortals, Jove !
 Whose titles raise thee all the Gods above ;
 Sole author, 'Thou, of nature's stable laws,
 Of all events, th' alone unerring cause ;
 Kings are subservient to thy sov'reign call,
 Destin'd by thee, inferior Gods must fall ;
 Thy great prerogative, to Neptune gave
 The ocean, where thy scaly subjects lave ;
 And pow'r thou gav'st him o'er the wat'ry deep,
 To make the billows roll, or make them sleep.
 By thee consigned, dread Pluto reigns below,
 Infernal sov'reign of the world of woe ;
 Around whose head, unnumber'd harpies fly,
 Whose dwelling is eternal misery.
 Hail ! for, to mortals to afford delight,
 By all confess'd, is thine undoubted right ;

And we, "*thine offspring*," of the mortal race,
 Can in ourselves, to thee a semblance trace.
 (And only we,) tho' faint, 'tis clearly found,
 Like as the echo is' to vocal sound.

Thus Pagans sung, as by Cleanthes led,
 Through many a grove the breeze-borne carol spread,
 And wild enthusiasm, e'en twin'd around
 The Stoic's heart, while list'ning to the sound :
 We'll catch the song,—our numbers pour on high
 In solemn strains of sacred melody ;
 And praise the God in whom "*we live and move*,"
 Whose power is measur'd by his endless love ;
 Not a *false God* is *He*, whose praise we sing ;
 Heav'n, earth, and hell, and worlds unknown, shall bring
 Eternal honor to *His* vast decrees,
 Who forms and destines, as his wisdom please,
 The hosts of creatures that his power controls ;
 And we of mortals, with immortal souls ;
 The only race of sublunary birth,
 Who bear Jehovah's image on the earth.
 O Lord of all ! thy grace to us impart ;
 Revive thine image,—stamp it on our heart ;
 More perfect daily, let the likeness be,
 Till we are quite conform'd, O Lord, to thee.

PROV. xxi, 1.

WHEN Summer's fervid beams descend
To burn the verdant field,
And nature can't herself defend,
Th' unguarded herbs must yield.

And while their tender foliage falls
Upon its burning bed,
A quiv'ring vapour skyward borne,
From ev'ry leaf is shed.

But lo ! the Husbandman divine,
Can cooling streams distil,
From yonder river's copious source,
And turn them as he will.

He winds the purling rills along,
To bless the thirsty soil,
And clust'ring fruits the trees among,
Repay the lab'rer's toil.

Just so, our God, the hearts of men,
In penitence can flow ;
O Lord ! to Eden change again
This *wilderness* below.

THE HOSPITABLE SHUNAMITE.

2 KINGS, Chap. iv.

IN Shunem's city once there lived,
 A hospitable pair,
 On whom the smile of plenty, shed
 Its fruitful beams, and gave them bread
 Enough,—and e'en to spare.

To the good prophet of the Lord,
 The woman's kindness bent,
 And as he pass'd, she would intreat,
 That he might enter in, and eat,
 Before he onward went.

So, oft as by this peaceful house,
 The prophet's feet were led,
 He thither turned, a welcome guest,
 Beneath the smile of love to rest,
 And eat his fill of bread.

But once this woman thus address'd
 The partner of her years,—
 “ Behold, my lord, for I perceive
 The man is *holy* we receive,
 And one my soul revere.

“ Then let us make for him, I pray,

A chamber on the wall,

And for him there, a bed provide ;

And let not aught be e'er denied,

To bless his life withal.

“ Then, when he cometh here to eat,

And sojourn by the way,

He may not hastily depart,

Nor fail to bless us with his heart ;

But there the man shall stay.”

The husband granted all her will ;

They built the place of rest,

And found, as they pursued the plan,

In blessing thus the holy man,—

That they themselves were blest.

Oh ! ye, along whose daily path,

Unsparing goodness moves,

Go ye, at once, and likewise do,

For 'tis the will of God, that you

Should love whom he approves.

PARTING.

How sweet is friendship ! lovely tie,
 That binds us, heart to heart ;
 That drops a tear, or heaves a sigh,
 When friends are call'd to part.

We part, and part to meet again ;
 But where ? ah ! who can say ?
 On earth ? in heaven ? the search is vain ;
 Unknown the spot,—the day.

Hail ! welcome ignorance of this,
 Death may forbid it *here* ;
 If so, hope points to heavenly bliss,
 And dries the parting tear.

Adieu then ! let us hope to meet,
 On Canaan's peaceful shore,
 Where hearts with pure affection beat,
 And friends divide no more.

SUMMER.

CHARMING Summer ! thee I sing,
 Bearing on thy filmy wing,
 Garlands wrought of flow'rets gay,
 To entwine the brow of May ;
 Nature smiles while thou art here,
 Sweeter than throughout the year :
 Now, I view thy creatures rife,
 Bursting into active life,
 Filling all thy wide domain,
 While they bless thy fruitful reign ;
 And to wond'ring man unfold
 Stores of wisdom, rare as gold :
 When I walk beneath thy smile,
 The young morning to beguile.
 When the zephyr I inspire,
 Fresh as is thy matin fire ;
 And thy instructive beauties see,
 What a preceptor is the bee !
 Little active teacher ! say,
 Why thus greet, the embryo day ?
 Why, so diligent to pry
 Ev'ry blossom thou com'st nigh ?
 Why, with such intent pursuit,
 Gather thy nectarious fruit,

And, (since distant thou dost roam)
Go, so heavy laden home ?

But I cease—thy care, I see,
Is thy virtue, sprightly bee !
Virtue ! I admire thy elaim,
Virtue ! be my highest aim :
Let me seek divine repasts,
While life's blooming summer lasts ;
Well begin each new-born day,
Well employ its hours away ;
And when death's dark evening come,
Fly to my mellifluous home.

VERSES

*Addressed to the REV. J. HODSON, previous to his
embarkation for the East Indies.*

FAREWELL dear friend ! but not for long :
There comes a day, when we shall meet
In happier climes, the saints among,
In union, undecaying, sweet :
And there, at our Redeemer's feet,
With myriads of the ransom'd throng,
(A holy choir), shall join in heav'n's eternal song.

O what a happy port to gain !
 O what a sacred rest to win !
 Who would not launch upon the main,
 And steer from ev'ry treach'rous sin,
 To reach an anchorage within
 The veil ; where ruffling storms again
 No more shall toss the bark, nor give the trav'lers pain.

The God of Israel give you speed,
 And waft you to the wonted strand ;
 And bless you in the sacred deed,
 That calls you from your native land ;
 And oh ! that his all-bounteous hand,
 May graciously uphold and lead :—
 “ A very present help, in every time of need.”

Then, farewell friend, we soon shall meet ;
 Aye, meet to part again no more ;
 Where intercourse unbroken, sweet,
 Shall be in everlasting store ;
 Soon may we reach the peaceful shore,
 Thro' *Him*, whose merits make us meet,
 To share his highest bliss, in holiness complete.

YOUTHFUL PRAISE.

HARK ! what sweet sound is that which meets my ear,
 Soft issuing from the casement, half-way op'd,
 Of yonder reed-roof'd pile ? it seems to flow
 In mellowing sweetness through the morning air,
 And adds a cheering sacredness, to that
 Grave weight of thought, the day of rest inspires :
 It is the voice of children, singing HIS
 High praise, who can command a song, and who
 Perceives the gratitude of thankfulness ;
 To Him, they sing, their kind Redeemer ! who,
 When in this vale of tears, and press'd with grief,
 Was pleas'd to listen to the lisping babes,
 Who sang hosannahs in Judea's fane.
 I love to hear the lark, attune his throat,
 And sing to Phœbus, while he makes the morn ;
 Or, as the moon wakes up, to hear the notes,—
 The thrilling notes of Philomel ; but that
 Is music, scarcely worth the name, when mix'd
 With *Zion's songs by children sung* : these, these
 Are counterparts of heaven ; for there, all will
 Be praise, and praise eternal there.

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

THERE is a God, who form'd each wondrous world,
And ev'ry atom, hidden, or unfurl'd.
All things, all creatures, share his wise control,
Receiving being, motion, mortal life, and soul.
There is a God—beneath his broad hand lie,
Life and her never-number'd progeny.
These he upholds, he gives their vital breath,
And at his will directs the shafts of death.
There is a God—and by a small still voice
He whispers to the children of his choice :
And like the silent accents of the wind,
His mercy breathes upon the pious mind.
There is a God—he searches ev'ry heart—
Unfolds the secrets of each latent part,
And brings to light, clearer than noon of day,
The dark designs that in the wicked lay.
Who is a God, Jehovah, like to thee !
Kindly reveal'd, yet veil'd in mystery :
Maker, Preserver, Governor of all,
The most stupendous—the minutely small.
Let us adore thy greatness, love thy grace,
Till thou unveil thyself, and we can trace
Thy perfect character, and view thee face to face.

MORNING.

I DEARLY love at dawn of day,
 While Phœbus burns the night away,
 To see his keen-ey'd beamings play
 Upon the mountain's brow,

Come, ye who woo your beds of down,
 Young morn doffs nature's ebon gown,
 And decks her brow without a frown ;
 Come, see the maiden now,

And view the Sun with kingly mien,
 Just rise above the ocean's green,
 Then peep at night's declining queen
 Before she sinks to rest.

And still behold his stately rise,
 Onward and up the eastern skies,
 Till ev'ry murky morn-film dies,
 And ev'ry plain is blest.

Oh ! could I soar like yonder lark,
 I'd wing my way while yet 'twas dark,
 And catch the first enkindling spark,
 That bursts from embryo day.

Fruitless the wish in air to rise ;
 But death shall waft me to the skies,
 Where a pure light shall bless my eyes,
 No more to die away.

THE SABBATH.

HAIL sacred day ! to mortals,
 Thou bringest peace and rest ;
 And beaming through heav'n's portals,
 Thy radiance makes them blest :
 For care-worn man, beholding
 The rising of thy sun,
 Greets all thy joys unfolding ;
 A heaven, on earth begun.
 High on Devotion's pinions,
 His spirit soars above,
 And reaching heaven's dominions,—
 The goal of hope and love ;
 He feels the press of pleasure—
 Unutterable bliss ;
 And grasps his sacred treasure,—
 For there his treasure is.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

DEAR SIR, you cannot but expect
 To see the '*March of Intellect*'
 Th' aspiring Shoemaker affect ;
 And therefore, t'will not much surprise
 Your eager and unwearying eyes,
 That I, of leather-carving art,
 In classic wilds, thus soon should start ;
 And leisure, both midnight and matin,
 Should pass away in learning Latin :
 But once resolved the plan to trace,
 I sought (and t'was no easy case,)
 Some " help " to borrow of a friend ;
 And one I found, disposed to lend
 An *Eton Grammar* (I presage,
 For it had lost its title page :)
 Well, first the *alphabet* I counted,
 And found it wanting ; it amounted
 To letters only *five and twenty* ;
 No doubt, in wisdom deem'd a plenty ;
 I thought it strange, but found it true,
 For lo ! I miss'd the W.
 At last it did my faith infix,
 Though *Murray* taught me twenty-six.
 The outcast letter, without fuss,
 I judg'd, of course, superfluous ;

The *vowels* came the next to scan ;
 They stood upon the English plan,
 As did the *mutes* ; nor do I know
 That e'er I saw the *liquids* flow ;
 Then, *double letters*, always single,
 And *diphthongs* better taught to mingle,
 In order came before my eyes,
 Impatient for new mysteries ;
 The *parts of speech* then follow'd straight ;
 The number,—let me see—'twas *eight* ;
 These eight I learned, and can define 'em,
 But, to be true, I can't decline 'em ;
 For here's the point ; don't call me clown ;
 I pass'd the sketches of a *noun*,
 And learnt the *numbers* and the *cases*,
 Just as the Eton Grammar places ;
 And then, I got to *hic, hæc, hoc*,
 And mark'd the blank that stands by *voc* ;
 Well—then I reached another page,
 And oh! what did its lines presage !
Declension ! it was all declension,
 Both in the book and my attention :
 But here I must defend myself,
 Although the Grammar kept the shelf ;
 For on the selvage of November,
 As near as I can now remember,

'The setting-in of dirty weather,
 Gave me such work among the *leather*;
 That I had little time to muse,
 Save on the *theme of making shoes*.
 And thus, good Sir, though days have lengthen'd,
 Yet so it is, my trade has strengthen'd,
 And I am forming *under-standings*,
 Forgetful of my mind's expandings.
 'Tis really hard, for e'en my rhyme
 Gets worse and worse. In summer time
 There's *lasting-work* ; and *denmark-satin*,
 Forbids that I should study Latin.

EARLY PRAYER MEETING.

How sweetly dawns this holy day of rest !
 A balmy fragrance mingles with the air,
 And springing nature, in her sabbath vest,
 Smiles on this early hour for prayer.

I speed me forth, as Phoebus drinks the dew,
 While yet the spangled grass-way is untrod,
 To mingle with the pious, praying few,
 Assembled in the house of God.

To hear the songs of melody and praise,
 From grateful hearts, sincerely sent to heaven ;—
 To hear the men of prayer, devoutly raise,
 Their supplications, skyward driv'n.

'Tis good to hear and see, but oh ! to feel
 A thirst for God, with ev'ry sweet combine ;
 A warm affection, and a holy zeal ;
 Exceeds all earthly sweetness, 'tis divine.

THE STORM.

THE night had gather'd round its veil,
 And cover'd nature's vernal face ;
 Cynthia's fair beams, were far to frail,
 The deep, portentous gloom to chase ;
 Blackness sat stern with outstretch'd wing,
 The whole creation darkening.

Thro' the thick air, the gusty wind,
 Howl'd accents ominous of harm :—
 Accents, that thrill'd my pensive mind,
 With trembling thoughts, and mute alarm :
 The hollow dirge moan'd fitful by,
 And spoke a sullen tempest nigh !

Swift came the lightning's meteor blaze ;
 Swift follow'd on, the thunder's roar ;
 The rolling sound, wrought wild amaze,
 And terror press'd, from ev'ry pore ;
 Sleep fled, and left my languid eye
 To weep its midnight destiny !

My mind heard death in ev'ry peal,
 And saw him on the lightning's wing ;
 I sigh'd for social friendship's weal,
 Or twilight's ether form, to bring
 Some hope, to cheer the shadow'd doom,
 Or shew some rest beyond the tomb.

Sin pictured death ; for sin had plac'd
 The monster on his ghastly steed ;
 I felt a pang,—the sting I traced ;—
 'Twas sin that made my conscience bleed :
 “ A wounded spirit, who can bear ! ”
 Or, who can revel in despair !

Impartial Justice bared her sword,
 And firm, with level poise stood by ;
 Hre stroke was *death*,—tremendous word !—
The death of immortality !
 Oh for a shelter from the blast !
 A refuge till the storm be past,

I pray'd, Heav'n heard the suppliant's pray'r ;
 Mercy sent down a hopeful ray ;
 Upward I glanc'd, and lo ! 'twas *there*
 My vision caught the breaking day ;
 And then I heard from Zion's hill
 A voice, it whisper'd, "*Peace be still.*"

The raging tempest, drowsy grew ;
 The pealing thunder died away ;
 Clouds scatter'd, and anon withdrew
 Their film, from the young eye of day ;
 The din was hush'd, and fierce alarm,
 Reclin'd upon the downy calm.

Peace spread her mantle o'er the mind,
 Light as the lambent snowy cloud ;
 The flutt'ring heart grew more resign'd,
 And ev'ry blood-stream softlier flow'd ;
 I rose, to greet the morning's beam,
 And muse, and sing the stormy theme.

TO DISCONTENT.

Away, away, old Discontent,
 I charge thee, flee away ;
 I will not have my humble tent
 Tormented with thy stay :

A greedy cormorant thou art,
 For ever hov'ring near,
 To prey upon the vital part,
 Of all that blesses here.

My very soul abhors thy stay ;
 Thou hat'st my very soul ;
 Nor shalt thou, tear my peace away,
 With unrestrained control.
 Away then, hated discontent ;
 This instant, fly away :
 No longer shall my humble tent,
 Be tortur'd with thy stay,

LINES,

*Addressed to Mr. and Mrs. S— a short time after their
 Marriage.*

ACCEPT and pardon, wedded pair,
 These lines from one, who *would* forbear,
 But friendship urges on,
 To wish you happiness and joy,
 Till death, your union shall destroy,
 To meet in heav'n anon.

Since providence, your choice made plain,
 Let mutual love, your bonds maintain,
 And daily strengthen too ;
 Then, anger, enmity, and strife ;
 So often found in man and wife ;
 Shall ne'er be found in you.

But piety, as well as love,
 Should all your daily actions move,
 And lead to bliss supreme.
 Pardon me friends, I trust it will ;
 And then, what joy your minds will fill,
 When Jesus is your theme.

Both trav'lers to Canaan's land,
 Both guided by Jehovah's hand,
 Both setting sin at nought ;
 Both bending at one Throne of Grace,
 Both hasteing to one happy place ;
 How cheering is the thought.

Which, first, shall reach the journey's end,
 And face to face, behold the friend
 Who led your mortal feet?
 Be this of little consequence,
 Who shall depart the *first* from hence,
 If *both at last* shall meet.

THE OLD TABLE,

(*To a Friend, accompanying a Book Knife.*)

SOME five and twenty years ago,
 It may be more, for aught I know;
 My Father bought ('tis not a fable)
 A useful, but a mystic table;
 Whether in July or December,
 Or what it cost, I can't remember.
 'Twas nearly square, of gypsy face,
 Something of antiquated race;
 Centre, and sides, of equal measure,
 To make it large or small at pleasure:
 And this I can assert, forsooth,—
 'Ere time had waned its polish'd youth;
 It justly bore a local grace,
 And fill'd the parlour's central place;
 But by degrees the young ones grew,
 And younger ones were added too,
 So that its surface, proved too small,
 And all its joints were loose, withall;
 Soon shrivell'd up was many a peg,
 And lo! the table lost a leg!
 Thus out of sorts ('twixt me and you,)
 To grace a parlour, 'twould not do;
 And so they doom'd it, *as lunatic*,
 To fill a corner in my attic!

With legless angle 'gainst the wall,
 A subject of the cobbler's thrall,
 It bore a cumb'rous weight of shoes,
 'Till pitied by a kindly muse ;
 Who rued its hapless situation,
 Intent to yield emancipation ;
 And put aside its *leathern* store,
 Placing in lieu, her lighter lore.

But now, I really must digress
 A little, (and I can't do less;)
 This table, as I said before,
 A brownish visage always bore ;
 And thus, with a deceptive skin,
 Conceal'd its native heart within.
 'Twas scraped, and notched, and pull'd about
 In vain, to find its nature out ;
 And *Carpenters*, though such begot,
 Intently searched, but found it not.
 'Twas not mahogany, nor beech,
 Nor walnut, alder, plumb, nor peach ;
 For what it *was not*, all knew well,
 But what it *was*, 'twas hard to tell.

I now return :—the other day
 I view'd it 'neath a noontide ray ;
 And looking at its lightsome dress,
 No heavier than my M S S ;

" This nonsuch, cum'brous thing," I said,
 " Nor biped is, nor quadruped ;
 " And, as by paralytic seized,
 " One side, is perfectly diseas'd ;
 " Poor Tab ! than such a situation,
 " Better by far's annihilation ;
 " Thy perfect side, will make some shelves,
 " To hold my octavos and twelves ;
 " As for thy legs, they're no concern,
 " At all events, they'll do to burn."

And thus, (to close, for time is short,)
 I did ; the shelves forthwith were wrought,
 And when produced, all understood,
 That ev'ry grain was *satin-wood* !
 Would I had known it thus before,
 (*Vain is the wish !*) 'tis now no more ;
 And like some hidden ones of earth,
 It died to shew its latent worth.

To prove me its posthumous friend,
 Part of a leg, herewith, I send,—
 A trifle,—but in friendship wrought,
 Hoping 'twill not be useless thought ;
 Since it does promise and engage,
 Well to unfold th' instructive page ;
 And open to the eager view,
 Some knowledge, seen before, or new.

HYMN.

DIVINE Creator ! sov'reign God !
Great Manager of all ;
Submissive to thy pow'rful rod,
Before thy face I fall.

I'm thine, and thine is ev'ry sense,
Of body and of soul ;
All that I have, I give, from hence,
To thy supreme control.

My life, and comfort, to thy will,
I cheerfully resign ;
And destitute,—I'll praise thee still,
If still, thy grace be mine.

By thine unerring pleasure, guide,
But make this pleasure mine ;
And bring my will, whate'er betide,
In unison with thine.

Then, when this transitory scene,
Shall vanish from my sight,
I'll dwell eternally serene,
In undisturbed delight.

PRUDENT SIMPLICITY.

WOULD you be harmless? let the dove
 Your daily pattern be;
 Like her, your race of beings love,
 And that, incessantly.

If you defensive wisdom need,
 The serpent's skill possess;
 And *wisely* recompense the foes,
 Who wilfully aggress.

But aim to live in peace with all,
 As far as in you lies;
 Attentive to the sacred call,—
 Be innocent and wise.

THE MARINER.

GOD save thee, wave-toss'd mariner, while round
 Thy bark, upon the ocean deep,
 The cruel wind sends forth a dismal sound;
 And robs thine eye of sleep.

While thou art watching close, the dark expanse,
 With eager eye for some lone star;
 A world would not be much, for one sweet glance
 Of home ; thy home afar.

Then, would'st thou hope ; and then, thy aching sight
 Fresh strung, would scorn the thought of rest;
 Methinks, thou would'st forget 'twas such a night;
 With such a storm oppress.

But ah ! the clouds thick woven, seem as though
 They'd prove a midnight shroud for thee;
 'Neath which thy corse shall roll, not rest; for oh!
 Thy grave must be the sea!

God save thee ! (if not from a wat'ry tomb)
 From that deep gulf of stormy night,
 Where tempest-tost, in ever-deep'ning gloom,
 The soul is infinite.

God save thee, then, lone mariner, from this,
 And take thee to the port of peace;
 Then, wilt thou know these billows brought thy bliss,
 And struggled thy release.

THOUGHTS, ON LEAVING THE YEARS
OF MINORITY.

WELL, I've just trodden manhood's brink !
Now let me stand awhile, and think
 Upon the past :
But ah ! the retrospective hour,
That fondly traces childhood's tour,
 May be my last !

'Tis like a dream ;—the shadows fly,
Across the path of memory,
 With rapid speed ;
And ev'ry joy's a phantom's smile ;
And ev'ry woe, a fairy's pile,
 And ev'ry need.

And is the past, illusive thus,
Does it the aged cheat, like us,
 Who scarce are men ?
I would not that you calmly die,
Ye visions of reality ;
 Befriend me then.

There is a God of Love, to whom
I owe my progress from the womb,

Even till now :

He fill'd the interim with good,
And over ev'ry moment stood ;

To *Him* I bow.

Jehovah ! thou alone canst guide
The infant's step, and manhood's stride,

Secure and right :

Thy kind and gracious care I own,
In ev'ry breath, that bore me on,

By day and night.

Before indulgent Reason shone,
To Thee, the latent pow'r was known ;

By Thee inspired ;

Thou, its incipient progress knew,
Advancing daily as it grew,

Nor yet retir'd.

The members of my growing frame,
Constructed by perfection's aim,

Complete, divine ;

And *mind*, and all her awful parts,
Responsive to angelic hearts,

Are works of thine !

My nobler spirit came from thee,
Destin'd to immortality,

Beyond the grave :

And oh ! the grace that saw it sink,
And snatch'd it from the burning brink,

Intent to save !

Unnumber'd blessings bless'd my days ;
And now, I'll lift my heart, and praise,

Thy guardian love :

Accept my thanks for favors past ;
And while my mortal powers shall last,

My praise approve.

But future need, with future days,
Shall join my path through manhood's maze,

And never cease.

Oh ! let thy will my wishes crown,
And give me, e'en if fortune frown,

Thy smile of peace.

Then, if *thou* guide my future life,
Though storms attend, and troubles rife,

To me are given ;

Thou wilt at last bid conflict cease,
And lead me to the rest of peace,—

The rest of heaven.

THE MIDNIGHT WATCH.

LONE Mariner ! I pity thee, while on
 Thy sea-girt bark that scuds the ocean deep,
 Thou spendest sadly the dark midnight hour :
 Oh ! tell me what thou thinkest, when the sky
 Grows dark, with thickly-woven clouds, that hide
 The friendly teachers of the bright expanse ;
 When gusty Boreas, from his frigid store
 Of blasts, sends forth an awful sound, that shakes
 The sea, and thou upon its rugged breast !
 Say, is it not with fluttering heart, and voice
 Almost expiring, that thou utterest
 To thy half-slumbering shipmates, the old,
 But now ambiguous cry, “ *All’s Well ?* ” Methinks,
 I see the foaming billows swell, and raise
 Thy vessel, on their arms outstretched toward heaven ;
 And then, with almost merciless depart
 Forsake it ; or to meet its threat’ning grave,
 Or a recurrence of their furious force !
 Then, thy companions in distress, may at
 Thy faltering call awake upon the scene,
 And share thy bitterness, and lend their aid :
 But what can mortals do, to quell the storm ?
 The storm, that worries e’en Leviathan ;
 And makes the scaly monsters of the deep

Surrender to its powerful control :
 Can they command the raging waves, and bid
 The boist'rous tempest swoon into a calm ?
 Alas ! they cannot ; for in " vain's the help
 Of man." But, there is *one*, who rules the sea,
 Whose power can drown, in everlasting sleep,
 A struggling universe : oh ! call on him :—
 His ear is ever open : his keen eye
 Can never sleep : he sees your toil : he waits
 Your call : and if he only whisper " Peace,
 Be still ;" the wind will shut its treasures ;—
 The ocean, sweetly slumber at his word :
 Then, then, oh mariner, thou shalt exclaim,
 With cheerful heart and voice, "*All's well.*"

THE SPIRITUAL DELUGE.

METHINKS, in vision dread, I see
 A guilty world, all delug'd o'er ;
 And oceans vast, of misery,
 Without a bottom, or a shore ;
 Where darkness, hov'ring near and far,
 Hides e'en the nearest friendly star.

Hard struggling in the dark abyss,
 And wrestling with the drowning wave ;
 A flatt'ring hope,—their only bliss ;
 Their lightest fear,—an instant grave ;
 I see a sinking world ! and oh !
 Just sinking into endless woe !

Sounds, like the cries of spirits lost,
 Break on the silent, sullen night ;
 Yellings of souls, in anguish toss'd ;
 Unutterable ! infinite !
 Another shriek ! another soul
 Has reached the deep, infernal goal !

But, faintly dawning in the east,
 Methinks, a hallow'd light I see ;
 Oh, that it may afford, at least,
 A healing beam, poor souls ! for ye ;
 And point you to some resting place ;—
 Some ground of hope ;—some rock of grace.

Blest Morning Star ! arise, arise ;
 And thou, fair Sun of Righteousness,
 Point out a spot beneath the skies,
 Where dying man may life possess ;
 Where he may rest his struggling feet,
 And Hope, and Peace, once more may greet.

It comes ! it comes ! it is the morn :
 The morn of mercy to the world ;
 And in its blest, and bright'ning dawn,
 A new creation is unfurl'd :
 And light, that cheers the eager eye,
 Foretells of Life, and Liberty !

Look, sinner, look ! the rising day !
 And yonder, in the distance high,
 A land-speck stops the gracious ray ;—
 Behold ! “ Redemption draweth nigh !”
 O turn thee, to the spot divine,
 And struggle hard, to make it thine.

Now, beacon-like, I see the land ;
 And lo ! the cross is planted there ;
 And Jesus kindly waves his hand,
 To mortals sinking in despair !
 Haste, sinner, to the rock that's high ;
 Once there ! and you shall never die.

Then, while the billows foam around,
 And swell, and rage, 'tis all in vain ;
 The Rock of Ages, firm is found,
 And firm for ever shall remain :
 All else is sand ! all else despair !
 Haste, sinner, haste, and get you there !

HABITATION OF GOD.

ISAIAH lxvi, 1, 2.

AND can it be, that God, whose throne
 Is high in heav'nly bliss,
 Will glance his eye,
 Beneath the sky,
 And view the creatures of a world like this?

And, while his pure unspotted mind,
 Abhors a sinful thought,
 May rebels dare
 To seek a share
 Of love, from Him, whom they have set at nought?

Yes, if with contrite spirits, they
 Adore and seek his face;
 Their souls shall be,
 Eternally,
 The hidden temples of his unknown grace.

Then will his spirit dwell,
 To teach, console, and cheer;
 And heav'n at last,
 When life is past,
 Shall more than pay for all their sorrows here.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

THERE is a flower that never fades !
 A Rose that springs without a thorn ;
 Fairest on Sharon's lovely glades,
 And purer than the infant morn.

Its fragrance, ev'ry sweet excels ;
 And fills the paradise above,
 (The place where spotless beauty dwells,)
 With pure, sublime, and quenchless love.

Angels, with holy thirst, inspire
 Its sweetness, borne on heavenly air ;
 And its transcendant hues, admire,
 For ever, and for ever, there !

Nor do the panting hosts above,
 Exhaust the source, or drink alone ;
 But saints, as Zion-ward they move,
 Are spared a taste, from heav'n sent down :

A taste, preludious to the time,
 When they shall reach the blissful bower,
 And with the spirits of the clime,
 Shall *drink* its sweets, and *see* the flower.

STANZAS.

*“ Friendship is one Soul in two Bodies ; or, a congeniality
of Sentiment and Affection.”*

IF thus cementing, Friendship be,
Without a *sacred* tie ;
How close a union should we see
In those, and, how should they agree,
Whose love is from on high !

One parent, each, and all, can claim ;
One hope to all is given ;
One spirit,—one exalted name,—
One home, has each,—(and all the same :)
A home, a home in heaven !

The children of our common Lord,
The world may strive to sever ;—
And earth may not much rest afford :
But when at home, affection's cord,
Will bind them all for ever !

HYMN.

JOHN xvii, 16.

DEAREST Saviour ! let it be
 Thus, and truly, said of me ;—
 Be the truth in this unfurl'd,—
 That “ I am not of the world.”

Dearest Saviour ! is it so,
 While I love so much below ?
 While I am to idols giv'n,
 Fiends of hell, and foes to heav'n ?

Has not this terrestrial clod,
 More attractions than my God ?
 Do not pleasure, profit, care,
 Me, unwary, oft ensnare ?

Let thy sweet, transforming pow'r,
 Work, renewing ev'ry hour ;
 Till thy likeness, line by line,
 Be well wrought, and render'd mine.

IMPRUDENCE.

FIVE playful mice, too fond of fun,
 Determin'd once, to follow one ;
 Who, fir'd with eager emulation,
 Soon sought his breth'ren's admiration :
 " Whate'er you do, be sure," said he,
 " Keep close behind, and follow me ;
 " I'll keep, for puss, a strict look out ;
 " And if I see her,—lead the route ;
 " You know we've no one else to fear,
 " And *I'll* be bound, *she* wont be here :"
 Thus closed, this hero-like oration,
 Each one behind him, took his station ;
 And subject to his wise control,
 His steps they trac'd through many a hole ;
 Till each, decoy'd by cupboard pelf,
 Soon reach'd the dainty-bearing shelf :
 Then, looking round with anxious care,
 No cat could be discovered there ;
 And other snares they least expected,
 As none before had been detected :
 So ev'ry new accession made,
 Gave room for confidence delay'd ;
 Less cautious grown, by each success,
 They thought them safe, and thought the less.

At last, the daring leader spied
 A guileful trap, on t'other side ;
 And calling the unconscious party,
 Who, by the bye, were eating hearty,
 He bade them follow, to explore
 This magazine, for cheese, a store :
 They saw the cheese, and thought 'twas hard,
 From this dessert, to be debarr'd ;
 So, running round and round the base,
 They found an entrance to the place ;
 Then, *little foremost* forc'd the way,
 Unconscious that he there must stay ;
 And all his foll'wers, one by one,
 Began to do as he had done ;
 (And of *returning*, had no doubt,)

Till not a tail was left without.

The first, who cramm'd his maw with cheese,
 Was first to think about release ;
 For love of liberty, no doubt,
 Prompted a wish to roam without :
 All order, as to who should steer,
 And lead the way, or take the rear,
 Was lost ; nor was this loss the worst,
 But 'twas to know, who *could* go first :
 The leader of this hapless clan,
 Before, the first in ev'ry plan,

Offer'd the honors of the past,
To gain release, and gain it last.

The morning came, the shelf was mounted,
And six fat prisoners were counted !
Since means of death must needs be found,
Each one was destin'd to be drown'd ;
And, to be brief, my time to save,
They all embrac'd one watery grave.

My tale presents what oft we find,—
A mirth, to wisdom disinclin'd ;
A headstrong assent, to each measure,
Which, at first sight, may promise pleasure ;
A zeal for deeds, without discretion,
Wrapp'd up in haughty self-possession :
How often is imprudence rife,
To introduce domestic strife !
One hasty member leads the rest,
To streams of glee, in courage drest ;
They drink with epecurean thirst,
Embrace the best, nor fear the worst ;
Till, by some sudden, sharp mishap,
They find themselves within the trap !

One, in the nation's schism, is warm,
And talks of “ Radical Reform ;”
With tongue in scandal deep imbrued,
Attracts a gaping multitude,

And thinks those best, for many a reason,
 Who love a change, and laugh at treason :
 Ah ! such at least, must lucky be,
 Who end their days in liberty.
 Ye, then, who would avoid disgrace,
 Let prudence mark the path you trace ;
 Her voice attend, her rules prefer ;
 Resolve alone, to follow her.

ACROSTIC.

LORD, what is man ! is RICHMOND then no more ?
 Entomb'd is he, that guardian of the poor ?
 Great God ! we bow before thy sov'reign will ;
 Help us to see thine hand !—adore,—be still.

Record his fame, ye saints, who long have found
 In him, a herald of the joyful sound ;
 Children, and sires, the healthy, and the weak,
 He lov'd you all ; his love let each one speak :
 Meet for the portion of the saints in light,
 O happy spirit ! thou hast wing'd thy flight,
 Near to thy Saviour's throne ; and there to be
 Divinely blest, and blest eternally !

VERSES.

“ Lord, to whom should we go ?”

АH ! Lord, to whom should erring man,
For holy wisdom flee,
To guide him in life's little span ;
But unto thee !

To whom, for all-supporting strength,
To conflict valiantly ;
Assured of victory at length ;
But unto thee !

To whom, for such a shield as Faith,
Well wrought, and furnish'd free,
To turn the pointed darts of death ;
But unto thee !

And where, for life beyond the tomb ;
For immortality ;
Ah ! Lord of life, to whom, to whom,
But unto thee !

SONNET.

To my Infant Son.

SLEEP on, my boy : thine is the peaceful sleep
 Of innocence : uninterrupted, calm :
 No foe disturbs thy rest, no fears alarm ;
 But, as tho' conscious that thine angels keep
 Their vigils o'er thee, through the midnight deep,
 And at bright noon ; thou dreamest not of harm :
 Rest, is thy spirit's food ; and sleep, is balm.
 Sleep on, my boy : these downy hours are fleet ;
 And mortal innocence must shortly die :
 Peace will less brightly gild thy summer sky,
 And leave the morn of life-time incomplete ;
 And clouds, that now thou fearest not, shall fly
 Around thy pathway, to eternity !
 Sleep on, my boy : thine is the hasty sleep
 That wakes upon mortality. Ere long,
 The sleep of death will bind thine eyelids, strong ;
 May the good Shepherd, of his mercy, keep
 Thy wayward steps, from snares, and pitfalls deep ;
 And lead thee, be the passage brief or long,
 To dwell for evermore, the heav'nly fields among.

VERSES,

To —

Is there an hour, more sacred than another,
 When thou'rt from busy deeds and thoughts most free ?
 Go, where beside thee, there's no other,
 And think of me.

There, at the throne of sacred mercy bowing ;
 Where none, but an omniscient eye, can see ;
 Pray, in a spirit ne'er a doubt allowing,
 And think of me.

Or, if you wander when the day is dying,
 And Phoebus, smiling, leaves the topmost tree ;
 Go, where the zephyr through the wood is sighing,
 And think of me.

Go to the pool, whose rush-encircle'd centre,
 Buoy the fair lilies, 'neath th' o'ershadowing tree ;
 Where the scared moorhens, their green refuge enter,
 And think of me,

Or, if by night, while lonely Cynthia's shining,
 And, save the mills, around all silent be ;
 List, to the sullen wood-bred owl's repining,
 And think of me.

Then, ere you embrace the rest that slumber keepeth,
 Prayer, with the stillness, fitly will agree ;
 Then, go to *Him* by faith, who never sleepeth,
 And think of me.

THE VOYAGE OF RETROSPECTION.

I GLANC'D with a sigh, on the lengthening past,
 For it seem'd at first sight like a dream ;
 But I view'd it again, and discover'd at last,
 Some traces of memory's stream.

I quickly embark'd on its clear flowing tide,
 And glided in sunshine along ;
 Till the current grew gloomy, and ruffled, and wide,
 And bore me, the whirlpools among.

The film of forgetfulness shrouded the sky,
 And darken'd the prospect around ;
 In vain did my vision laboriously pry,
 For, as yet, no clear spot could be found.

But soon the clouds scatter'd, a glimmer appear'd,
 Like the beam of the low waning moon ;
 It show'd me a land-speck, towards it I steer'd,
 And reach'd the glad resting-place soon :

'Twas the isle of affliction, where once I abode,
 And found it a fertiliz'd place ;
 It was there, that I first took delight in my God,
 And trusted the word of his grace,

But leaving the spot, thus endear'd to my mind,
 I continued my dubious way ;
 And alas, what a few scatter'd scenes could I find,
 That were blest with the light of the day.

Yet there still was a few, (like the isles of the sea,
 Where the love of Immanuel reigns,)
 That assisted rememb'rance, and echo'd to me,
 The sound of past pleasures and pains.

I follow'd the stream, till 'twas lost in its womb :
 And this truth, I discover'd at last,—
 The *present* is substance alone, to the tomb,
 And shadowy, all that is *past*.

ON SLANDER.

CURS'D Slander ! 'tis an aggravated shame,
 That man should know the meaning of the name :
 Man, like his fellow born, nor faultless one,
 Who lives beneath the beamings of the sun,
 That he should dare, another to subvert,
 In partial secrecy devise his hurt,
 Or, as a friend around the social board,
 Unfold his mind, with fierce invective stor'd,
 And deal out largely of a neighbour's crime,
 And hide his own, agreeing at the time ;
 Oh 'tis a shame ! Indignant may I be,
 Whene'er perchance a slanderer I see :
 And like Augustine, may I rather leave,
 Than countenance the man, who aims to grieve
 My heart, and dun my ears, till he has shown
 A thousand faults, forgetful of his own :
 Like the Numedian saint, may I begin,
 As influence dawns, to crush this darling sin ;
 And be his motto mine :—these words :—(imprest
 Before the eye of ev'ry friendly guest,)—
*“ If any hold the absent to disgrace,
 Such, at this table, must not take a place.”*

THE MOSS ROSE.

BLUSHING Blossom ! tinted beauty !

Sweetest flower of the Spring ;

Tell me, is it aught but duty,

Thus thy fragrant charms to sing ?

Moss-embodied work of nature,

Say, who rubified thy bloom ?

Who invested thee with beauty,

Fraught thee with such sweet perfume ?

June, the period of thy reigning,

Owens thee empress of her wreath ;

Conscious flow'rets, 'side thee waning,

Humbly hang their heads beneath.

But alas ! some beating shower,

Welcome true, to all but thee,

Still, with a relentless power,

Soon will make thy graces flee.

Then, e'en then, will I upgather,

Relics, once to me so dear ;

Sweet, (nor less, though robb'd of beauty,)

Sweet deposit through the year.

VERSES.

THIS is indeed a vale of tears ;
 Who has not often wept ?
 Or, who can boast the guarded heart,
 Where sorrow hath not crept ?

Some weep for sorrow, and are sad
 Life's varied journey through ;
 And some for joy ;—by Him made glad,
 Who sets their heav'n in view.

Joy is the source of angels' tears,
 (If angels weep at all,)
 Fill'd with the sighs of prodigals,
 Wearied with satan's thrall.

The Saviour wept ! what holy tears
 Ran from his pitying eye,
 When sin, (but not his own,) forc'd out
 His utmost sympathy.

Some weep for sin ; ah ! favor'd few,
 Your grief shall soon be o'er ;
 For you are hasting to that rest,
 Where you shall weep no more.

CHRISTIAN POVERTY.

“ Godliness with contentment is great gain.”

THOUGH I am poor, I'm richer far than some ;
I have an earthly and a heav'nly home,
My treasure lies in heav'n, beyond the skies ;
'Tis costly too, though some its worth despise.

Though I am poor, I have a wealthy friend,
One, who will all possess, when time shall end ;
One, who is richer far than earthly kings,
One who disdains the choicest earthly things.

Though I am poor, I have a precious soul,
That must endure while endless ages roll ;
'Tis precious, for the Saviour gave his blood,
To save it from the righteous wrath of God.

Though I am poor, I'm richer far than those,
Who all their hopes on fleeting gold repose ;
My hopes rest not on earthly dross like this ;
They rise above, they soar to heav'nly bliss.

Though I am poor, I have, what few can find ;—
A spirit void of care, a placid mind ;—
Peace in my dwelling, happiness within ;—
Few enemies except the seeds of sin.

Though I am poor, I envy not the great,
 Who roll in wealth, or fill a throne of state :
 My father, is the King of Kings, and I
 Shall wear a crown, ere long, above the sky.

Ah ! poverty like this, is wealth indeed ;—
 Help I obtain in ev'ry time of need ;
 Grace feeds my soul ! thro' Faith's keen eye I see
 A mansion in the skies, reserved for me.

None need complain while they are rich as I ;
 No real good will God in grace deny ;
 I'll live content with what I have, in peace,
 And wait the happy time when want shall cease.

“THIS IS NOT YOUR REST.”

MICAH ii, 10.

THIS is a vale of tears,
 For sorrow marks our way ;
 And gloomy doubts and fears,
 Attend us, day by day :
 But when to Zion's hill we soar,
 We there shall smile, to weep no more,

This is a wilderness,
 Where thorns and briars grow ;
 And nought of loveliness
 Abides to chase the woe ;
 But heaven shall all our toil reward :—
 Heaven is the garden of the Lord.

This is a stormy sea,
 The wind-rai'd billows roar,
 And surges angrily
 Arise, to 'whelm us o'er :
 But soon the storm of life shall cease,
 And we shall reach the port of Peace.

This is a transient state,
 An ever-varying sphere ;
 Short, is its longest date,
 And changing, all things here :
 But death shall change our state, and tell
 Of happiness unchangeable.

Then, while we sojourn here,
 May faith and hope be given ;
 Till death shall kindly steer
 Our closing course to heaven ;
 And from a chequer'd state like this,
 Remove us to immortal bliss.

HYMN.

“ Oh ! that I had wings like a Dove.”

I LONG, I sigh for rest ;

But ah ! 'tis hard to find :

Oh ! what can calm this troubled breast,

Or soothe this sorrowing mind.

O had I wings, I'd fly ;

And like the peaceful dove,

Would soar, and seek both far and high,

The downy rest of love.

But such a flight were vain ;

An angel's wings would fail

To set me, far from every pain

Within the lofty vail.

Well, I must stay below ;

And I'm content to stay,

While faith, divinely deigns to shew

Rest on some future day.

Then, death ! I wait for thee ;

Thou givest wings to fly,

Which bear the spirit to the rest

Of immortality.

WAR SONG.

SOLDIER ! put your armour on ;
 Take the burnish'd shield :
 Hark ! the distant trumpet's tone,
 Calls thee to the field.

Gird your sword upon your thigh,
 Grasp the glitt'ring spear ;
 Fearless, rush to victory ;
 Haste, the foe is near.

Glory crowns the warrior brave ;
 Conquer then, or die !
 Wreaths, the conqueror shall have,
 Of immortality.

“ BE SOBER AND HOPE TO THE END.”

OUR days, how rapidly they pass !
 Like as the fleeting sand,
 With certain haste, runs through the glass ;
 They never, never stand !
 A little while, and we shall be
 Engulph'd in deep eternity !

Our days, how full of care they are,
 And rugged is the path,
 That leads the mortal traveller
 On, to the goal of death :
 Well, 'tis not far, the journey through,
 And we have smoother days in view.

And here and there in life, is seen
 A fertile spot, as on we press ;
 And Hope, the lovely evergreen,
 Is beauteous in the wilderness ;
 Faint type of flowers, more lovely still :
 The flowers that bloom on Zion's hill.

O thither, let us quickly haste,
 Nor heed the toil, nor heed the care ;
 Our mortal sorrows in the *past*,
 Are light as airy bubbles are ;
 And fleeting life will end in this :—
 Uninterrupted, lasting bliss !

THE END.





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